

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

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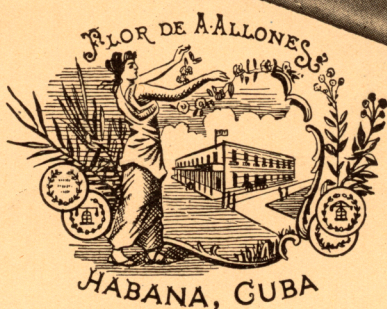


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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY
Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club,
157 Elizabeth St., Sydney*

Vol. 9.

JULY 1, 1936

No. 5.

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australasia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australasia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 12th September, 1936.

The Club Man's Diary

The dinner tendered Jimmy Pike in the club by a representative gathering of sportsmen was a great tribute to a great horseman, and proved that in the realm of sport it is open for a man to become a national figure provided he has outstanding qualities.

Sport admittedly comes into focus more or less as an interlude

the great audience turned up to hear him sing comparative mush such as "Song of Songs." Box office dictates must be respected, and the tenor followed the advice of the late lamented Melba to the late lamented Clara Butt. But when the mob yelled approval of the tripey "Tell Me To-night," this eminent artist could scarce disguise his as-

Before Mr. Justly Rawlings, formerly general manager of Anthony Horderns, left for England, he was given a dinner by friends of the retail trade in this club. An acknowledgment of the service has been written by Mr. C. R. Davidson:—

"Everybody declared it to be the best dinner they had attended. All



Flashlight taken at Complimentary Dinner to "Jimmy" Pike, 18th June.

in the serious business of life, but it claims so many patrons, regular and occasional, that Pike's prospects and achievements as a jockey have often held greater public interest than the pre-election speech of a Prime Minister or a conference of scientists.

* * *

Richard Crooks, famous tenor from America, has been made an honorary member of the club. He is a companionable fellow without that irritating pose of "greatness" affected by so many of his tribe. He has actually won fame in these parts by more or less syrupy songs recorded over the air, but his personal appearance in our midst, coupled with his repertoire, has proved Crooks to be more than a balladist—an outstanding artist.

I noted that his preference was for the classical score at his opening concert, but 99½ per cent. of

tonishment. A raised eyebrow suggested volumes.

* * *

Another visitor notable in his sphere, who has been made an honorary member is Mr. Howard Jacobs, leader of the A.B.C. Dance Orchestra. Here again we had an index to Sydney's musical preferences. One writer put it: "... in place of symphonies, suites and overtures, were shuffles, tangoes, rumbas, and 'hot rhythm'."

My preference would be for a Budapest quartet; but, of course, I am one of the submerged half per cent. aforesaid! something that the modern saxophone has smothered. Therefore, my plea must be puny, in any circumstances.

This is not to disparage the eminence of dance bands—for those who like 'em. Also Mr. Jacobs is undoubtedly an outstanding artist in his realm.

were unanimous in their praise of the whole arrangements. We compliment you on the way that the dinner was served."

Mr. C. R. Davidson is one of Sydney's prominent business men, and is hon. treasurer of the N.S.W. Rugby Union.

* * *

By the way, St. Paul's College Union also held its annual dinner in the club, and a note from the honorary secretary stated: "Arrangements were perfect."

* * *

The third function of note was a wedding breakfast, which won similar gracious tributes for the club.

* * *

We regret to record the death of Mr. Lancelot Wallace, on June 17, and of Mr. George T. Sherriff, on June 12.

Congratulations to Sir Archdale Parkhill on his having been knighted by the King—an honour merited by national service. He is not, and has never been, a narrow Party man, and he has stood for the Federal spirit. A fearless fighter, he has taken them all on when the occasion has demanded.

* * *

Mr. H. E. Moxham has retired from the service of the Bank of N.S.W., after 50 years. Latterly he was manager of the Pitt Street Branch. Two hundred friends and clients attended a farewell gathering when he was presented by the general manager (Mr. A. C. Davidson) with a cheque for a substantial sum. He was handed an inscribed tray for his wife.

During his long career Mr. Moxham created for his institution thousands of the finest assets it could possibly have—friends. Few men have as great a record in that respect.

* * *

Mr. E. W. Hulle has retired from the position of Chief Inspector of the Commonwealth Bank after 56 years' banking service. He was one of the solid old school, splendidly equipped, whose views advanced with the times, and he was a power in the banking world at the close of a great career. He had also an advantage in that everybody liked him.

* * *

The passing of Big Bill Douglas, for so many years associated with the Fullers in their heyday of vaudeville, was not unexpected, but none the less sad for all that. Intimate

friends had been aware for some time that the genial fellow had been stricken beyond all hope of recovery. The end was really a merciful release.

Bill was in his realm an international figure, and towered in physique, as well as in natural genius, above many of the strutting pygmies. He had strength of will, directness of speech, sturdy character—all of which in the hard



The Late Mr. W. J. Douglas.

game of business earned him some critics, but more friends. He demanded, as he gave, the square deal—and, quick to forgive enmity, he never forgot friends.

Many were the stories told of his faithfulness to the Fuller firm—all true stories—and one in particular,

related in "Everyone's," has to do with a troupe which it was Bill's painful duty to tell off.

One morning a char-a-banc load of disgruntled actors drew up outside the theatre and, calling loudly for Douglas, gave him, when he appeared, a concerted raspberry, which echoed up and down Castlereagh Street. It didn't upset Bill, and became one of his pet stories.

Mr. Archer Whitford and his wife, when in England last year, were told of Bill's condition. They immediately went to Berlin, where he lay abed, and prolonged their stay many weeks to cheer a fellow Australian.

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Port Moresby

Memories of Papuan Capital

(By Jack Hides, celebrated Explorer, Author of "Through Wildest Papua," "Papuan Wonderland" and "Savages in Serge")

Port Moresby is to Papua what Rome was to that ancient civilisation. There all roads meet. Port Moresby is the seat of Government; the constabulary headquarters is there, and also the premier gaol, where new "students" constantly arrive to take their course in "cracking stones"; and from it all news and learning is spread wherever Papuan police and labourers go. The trained men of the constabulary go forth from it to their detachments in all parts of the territory, and the native labourers to the plantations and mines after they have "signed," while mixing continually with the Melanesian villagers of Hanuabada is a polyglot crowd of Papuans. There are dark-skinned Gulf men with coal-black, negro faces, to load and unload the ships, natives from east, west and north working as clerks, storehands, motor drivers, seamen and engineers for both Government and commercial houses; and there, too, as in old Rome, are many interesting characters, moulded in the new era. I can remember the time when the people of Hanuabada came into the township selling pineapples and fish with no other covering than a perineal vine; yet to-day we can see these natives riding along the streets and roads on bicycles, or in some old, worn-out Ford; they also have cricket matches, and Don Bradman's picture graces the walls of some of the palm-thatched houses.

Port Moresby will always hold a place in my memories, for it has been inseparable from my life, my hopes and ambitions. I will always see its brown hills, of dry grass and rock, and remember how the rains of September will turn them rich and green—if only for a day—and bring blooms and perfume to the

flowering trees. The pictures of native life and incident, the harbour and its varied craft; of wild miners and drunken schooner captains, and bearded missionaries who are the salt of the earth; of Sir Hubert Murray, Ryan and my father, and many other good men, will always be pleasant to recall. Even now I can see the stately lakatois leaving for the west, their fibre sails swaying and bulging to the stiff south-east trades, with cargoes of cooking pots, pearl shell, tortoise shell, and trinkets for the cannibals of the western coasts; and in romantic childhood I have watched them return, in the north-west monsoons, laden with sago and betel-nut, and the things the Melanesian cannot buy.

I love to dwell on these things, for they are parts of a great achievement—a great story. When an Australian annexed Papua, not so long ago, it was a land peopled with hundreds of different tribes, and to subject these primitive people to a new life of law and order, it was realised early as necessary to have assistance from the inhabitants themselves. And so the Papuan Armed Constabulary came into being. It called to its service the best in the land; it brought the brown men of the Orokaiva from the north-east lands to form ranks in red and blue with the black Kiwais from the western coasts; and with the white officers who trained and led them, they helped to bring control over the other warlike tribes and keep open the laneways between civilisation and the stone age. They have built up a tradition these men, a high tradition indeed.

Memories come crowding upon me as I think of Sgt.-Major Simoi, of Pakai, of Taro, Emesi and Bonga

again, and many other soldierly Papuans. They have all been wonderful companions, interesting and loyal, black and brown; real understandable men under their pigment of skin. I shall miss them all, the good with the bad, the laughing liar with the stern sergeant, for it is possible I may roam no more over Papua's mountains with these men; but some day I might come to them again, to help them and their people as I have always wanted to help them.

When the history of Papua is written, an equal place will be given with the constabulary for the humble carrier. It is he, too, who has made success possible. Under a pitiless, blazing sun, in rain and cold, and oft-times weak and empty bellied, he has carried his fifty pound load uncomplainingly across mountains and valleys to bring within reach of the white officer and his constabulary the opportunity for their service; he has, for a few pence a day, performed a task of a magnitude such as can only be realised by those who have watched him toil. His lot has never been easy, though he has not been hard to please. With his day's task done, the comfort of a shelter, a fire, a warm, full belly, and a confidence in the white officer in whose care he is, are his satisfied rewards. They are all "savages in serge" working for Papua, for the happiness and common good of all; they are the emblem of this first great civilisation that is theirs. Many of them have died in lonely places far from their homes on palm-clad shore or croton-decked hill village, to become, I suppose, "shadows on the mountain" in the place where the flies and mosquitoes cease to trouble you.

THE MOTHER STATE: A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature, No. 1

*Red Point on the South Coast.*

DISCOVERY!

Romance of Exploration

THE details of Captain Cook's voyage to the South Seas and his discovery of New South Wales are too well known to call for more than brief mention in this series, so that it will suffice to select a few of the most outstanding incidents of the period from the day upon which land first came in sight, a little to the south of Cape Howe, until the landing at Botany Bay, from which date the history of this country began.

In Cook's log, under the date of Thursday, 19th April, 1770, appears the bald statement that land was in sight — "5 a.m. . . . Saw ye land extending from N.E. to W't; bore away N.E. for the eastward extremity of the land in sight." At the time, of course, neither Cook nor any one on board the "Endeavour" was aware of the magnitude of the discovery. No landing was attempted at that stage in the voyage, and the "Endeavour" continued to sail northwards along the coast. It was not until Saturday the 21st that any sign of life on the land was observed, when Cook recorded in his log that he "saw the smooch of fires on several places upon the land; a sure sign of its being inhabited."

AS the ship proceeded to the north various prominent features of the coast were named — Mount Dromedary, Point Upright, The Pigeon House, to mention a few. Towards evening on April 27th, as the ship passed along the coast in the vicinity of where Port Kembla is to-day, natives were seen on the beach, and it was decided to make an attempt to land the next day. Richard Pickersgill's journal of the voyage gives an account of that unsuccessful attempt: "At 2 p.m., being within 2 miles of the shore, tacked and hoisted out the yawl; the captain, Mr. Banks, etc., went towards the shore; as we stood in we had regular soundings from 14 to 9 fathoms; the bay is covered well to ye southward by a low patch of red earth, which looked like islands, and runs a great way into the sea. At 5 p.m. the boat returned, having been close to the shore, but could not land for the surf; they saw two people who came down to the beach, but soon after retired to the woods, where they saw them no more; the shore appeared very pleasant, with tall trees, having little or no underwood, and some fine plains in the woods; they saw some trees like cabbage trees, a hut, and two small boats, ill made."

THE patch of red earth referred to in this journal was that of Red Point, near Port Kembla, and the islands the southernmost of the Five Islands. The place where Cook attempted to land was somewhere between this point — a photograph of which appears above — and the present town of Wollongong.

On the day following this unsuccessful attempt to land, the "Endeavour" came to anchor in Botany Bay — or Sting Ray Harbour as it was first called — and the first landing was made. Many years were to elapse before any attempt was made to settle the newly-found land, until ultimately Phillip came in 1788 with the First Fleet to begin the stupendous task of colonization.

GOLF CLUB FIXTURE LIST



July 23rd (Thursday)—Concord Golf Club: Four Ball Best Ball v. Par.

August 20th (Thursday)—The Lakes Golf Club; Stroke Handicap: Club Championship.

September 17th (Thursday)—Manly Golf Club; Stableford Par: "Henry E. Coleman" Bowl Event.

October 21st (Wednesday)—New South Wales Golf Club; Stroke Handicap: Victor Audette Memorial Shield.

November 19th (Thursday)—The Lakes Golf Club: Four Ball Best Ball v. Par.

December 17th (Thursday)—Manly Golf Club; Stableford Par: "Henry E. Coleman" Bowl Event.

January 20th, 1937 (Wednesday)—New South Wales Golf Club: Four Ball Best Ball v. Par.

February 18th (Thursday)—The Lakes Golf Club; Stableford Par: "Henry E. Coleman" Bowl Event.

ANNUAL BALL
Saturday, July 18, 1936

Why Are Men Clean Shaven?

Why are we clean shaven? It may come as a shock to many to learn that the free use of a razor these days is really the outcome of politics or religion—both of which have had quite a say in our present appearance. Alexander the Great thought that the beards of the soldierly afforded convenient handles for the enemy to lay hold of, preparatory to cutting off their heads; and, with a view to depriving them of this advantage, he ordered the whole of his army to be clean shaven. His notions of courtesy towards an enemy were quite different from those standards entertained by the North American Indians, and amongst who it was held a point of honour to allow one "chivalrous lock" to grow, that the foe, in taking the scalp, may have something to catch hold of.

At one time, long hair was the symbol of sovereignty of Europe. We learn from Gregory of Tours it was the exclusive privilege of the royal family to have their hair long and curled. The nobles, equal to kings in power, would not show any inferiority in this respect, and wore not only their hair, but their beards of enormous length. This fashion lasted, with but slight changes, till the time of Louis the Debonnaire; but his successors wore their hair short, by way of distinction.

At the time of the invasion of William the Conqueror, the Normans wore their hair very short. Harold, in his progress towards Hastings, sent forward spies to view the strength and number of the enemy. They reported, among other things, that "the host did almost seem to be priests, because they had all their face and both their lips shaven."

The fashion among the English, at that time, was to wear the hair long on the head and the upper lip, but to shave the chin. When the victors had divided the broad lands of the Saxon thanes among them, when tyranny of every kind was employed to make the English feel they were a subdued nation, the latter encouraged the growth of

their hair, "that they might resemble as little as possible their cropped and shaven masters."

This fashion was displeasing to the clergy, and prevailed to a considerable extent in France and Germany. Towards the end of the eleventh century it was decreed by the Pope, and zealously supported by the ecclesiastical authorities all over Europe, that such persons as wore long hair should be excommunicated while living, and not be prayed for when dead. William of Malmesbury relates in some of his writings that the famous St. Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, was indignant whenever he saw a man with long hair. He declaimed against the practice as one highly immoral, criminal, and beastly. He continually carried a small knife in his pocket, and whenever anyone offending in this respect knelt before him to receive his blessing, he would whip it out slyly and cut off a handful, and then, throwing it in his face, tell him to cut off the rest or he would go to hell. But there were found many prepared to risk damnation for the fashion.

In the reign of Henry I., the Archbishop of Canterbury issued an edict to the effect of excommunication and a damned soul. But, there was a distinct fly in the ointment here, for the house of Henry had begun to wear curls which hung down the back. This so aggrieved the king's chaplain, one Serlo, that that worthy preached a sermon from the text of St. Paul, during which he told of the horrors that awaited all who wore their hair long. Henry I. was visibly affected "and was observed to be weeping, whereupon Serlo decided to strike while the iron was hot, and, producing a pair of scissors, cut off one curl from the king's head, after which several members of the court consented to be likewise treated." Alas, the courtiers imagined, after the first blush of penitence had faded, that Serlo had shorn them of their strength and, six months later, the hair was again long.

As it was in the thirteenth century, so it remained until the advent of Peter the Great of Russia, who, in 1705, dared to bring in a law that by a given date every male was to be shaven on the face under a penalty of one hundred roubles. The priests and serfs were placed on a lower footing and allowed to retain their hair upon payment of a copeck every time they passed the gate of a city. As is recorded in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the population deemed it wiser to cut off their beards than to run the risk of annoying a man who would make no scruple in cutting off their heads. All who fell in with the wishes of Peter the Great were made recipients of a coin specially struck for the occasion. When denuding himself of his beard, a male would take the hair to an appointed person who passed over a coin called the "borodovaia" (the bearded). On one side it bore the figure of a nose, mouth and moustaches, with a long, bushy beard, surmounted by the words "Deuyee Vyeatee" (money received), the whole encircled by a wreath and stamped with the black eagle of Russia.

And, now a big step to 1830, just before the big revolution. Neither the French or Belgian citizens were noted for their moustaches; but after the event named there was hardly a shopkeeper, either in Paris or Brussels, whose upper lip did not suddenly become hairy with real or imitation moustaches.

During a temporary triumph gained by the Dutch soldiers over the citizens of Louvain, in October, 1830, it became a standing joke among the patriots that they shaved their faces clean immediately; and the wits of the Dutch army asserted they had gathered moustaches enough from the denuded lips of the Belgians to stuff mattresses for all the sick and wounded in their hospitals.

(Continued on Page 9.)



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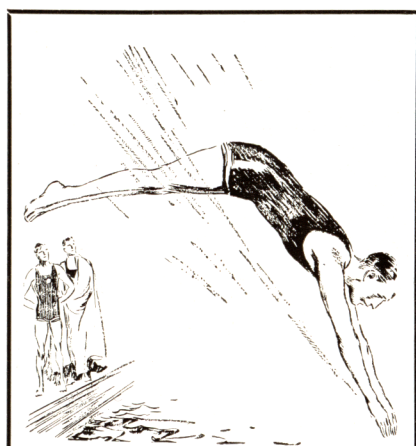
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Why Are Men Clean Shaven?

(Continued from Page 7.)

In the German newspapers of August, 1838, appeared an ordinance, signed by the King of Bavaria, forbidding civilians, on any pretence whatever, to wear moustaches, and commanding the police and other authorities to arrest and cause to be shaved offending parties. "Strange to say," adds Le Droit, the journal from which the quotation is given, "moustaches disappeared immediately like leaves from the trees in autumn; everybody made haste to obey the royal order, and not one person was arrested."

The last century has been more or less of the go-as-you-please variety, and there is nothing in history to show that dire happenings would befall any of English stock were the face covered unduly. All the same, it is highly probable that what was once a political and religious enigma has been handed down to we moderns in the form of an hereditary blessing.



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Olympic Team in Berlin
Games Start August 1st

With the arrival of the Australian Olympic team in Berlin that famous city has the eyes of all Australians focussed on it.

First on the spot, it is to be hoped that this will be a happy augury for our team, but none knows better than the members thereof how difficult is their task of winning a laurel wreath.

Probably never before have such preparations been made by any country for the holding of an Olympiad than those made by Germany for 1936, and from the reports to hand an unexampled success has been made of the job.

In 1932 Los Angeles made the best arrangements up to that time, and set a new standard, but Germany, with its eyes on impressing the world with its new regime, has certainly gone quite a few better.

Chatting with club member Arthur Hill, swimming manager of the Olympic team at Stockholm in 1912, on the subject, drew laughing references to the contrast between 1912 and 1936.

At Stockholm the team was quartered in boarding houses without anything within coo-ee of the conditions of later teams.

Even those later teams found conditions not quite all that could have been desired, but Berlin has certainly thought of everything and quartered the contestants in ideal surroundings and under ideal conditions.

With the team in training only a few days, it is impossible to speculate on their chances.

The inevitable minor mishaps have already beset it, but, with the possible exception of boxer Harley,

there seems to be nothing much about which to worry overmuch.

Harley unfortunately will be in hospital for a couple of weeks, but he will have time to get fairly fit by August 10, when the boxing starts.

Boxer Cooper has recovered from his injured hand, and the runners are finding the cinder tracks hard on their muscles.

This always happens for a start, but the men have five weeks in which to accustom themselves to strange conditions before being called into action.

Our main hope, Jack Metcalfe, is reported to be suffering from a slight ankle injury, but he, too, has plenty of time to throw that off before going to London for a preliminary try-out in the English championships.

Keen interest has been added to the rowing events by the amazing exhibition of a Japanese eight in London. The little chaps have apparently mechanised the rowing game the same as they have done in other sports, and will be a rod in pickle for the Police eight if they meet.

One amusing report is that the German diving girls have been handing a few hints to Ron. Masters. Well, without wishing to decry the form of the Australian, we would say he would need them all, judging from a comparison with his skill and that of Frank Kurtz when he was in Australia.

The Games open on Saturday, August 1, and the events in which Australians are most interested will be held as follows:—Athletics, August 2-9; Wrestling, August 2-9; Cycling, August 6-10; Swimming, August 8-15; Boxing, August 10-15; Rowing, August 10-15.

The Outstanding Influence of Musket Blood

Every once in a while a horse is destined to become the founder of a line that will endure for generations. Other stallions will beget first-class sons, but they, for some reason, do not pass on their excellence to their offspring, and the line fades away after a generation or two. The outstanding success of the house of Musket in Australasia, England, France and America was so pronounced last season, and to a lesser extent this that the history of this great progenitor for stamina should be of interest.

Musket was bred by the late Lord Glasgow in 1867, and was so slow in showing any form that his owner, who never sold any of his breed, but ordered them to be shot when they proved worthless as racehorses, told his stud groom to dispose of the colt in the usual way. The groom had a good opinion of the colt, who was by Toxophilite from an unnamed West Australian mare, and pleaded for his life, saying that he felt certain he would make a good stayer if given time. This advice was accepted by Lord Glasgow, and Musket lived to vindicate the judgment of his groom by becoming one of the greatest stayers of his time.

When Lord Glasgow died, he left his bloodstock to General Peel and Mr. George Payne, in partnership, on condition that they were not to sell any of them. Some time later the partnership was dissolved, and the terms of the will were frustrated by leasing the horses for life. At that sale was a Mr. Thomas Russell,

By A. Knight ("Musket")

of Auckland, New Zealand, and he purchased Musket for 520 guineas, on behalf of the New Zealand firm of Maclean and Co., and he arrived in the Dominion in the winter of 1878.

Whilst at the stud in England,



MUSKET.

Brown horse, bred in 1867, by Toxophilite from an unnamed daughter of West Australian and Brown Bess. He won the Ascot Stakes and nine out of his last eleven races, beating at weight for age Blue Gown, Favonius, Albert Victor and other good horses.

Musket proved himself capable of siring both flat and cross-country horses; but in New Zealand his success with horses of the highest class was astounding, all of the principal races of the Dominion being won by his sons and daughters. It would occupy too much space to enumerate all of them, but the three best known to Australians are Carbine, Trenton, and Nordenfeldt, because they raced here, and subsequently were in Australian studs, where they were great successes. Nordenfeldt got several prominent winners, and Trenton became famous as a sire of brood mares. Tren-

ton was from the Goldsbrough mare Frailty, and Goldsbrough himself was also a famous brood-mare sire; so it is probable that Trenton inherited his excellence in that respect from the maternal side of his pedigree. However, no matter where he got it, he was very successful in that respect, for it was through him that the Sappho family was given new life when the mare, Nellie, bred Etra-Weenie to him, for that branch of the family was the only one to continue producing horses of the best class. Another family without a Bruce Lowe number was that to which Black Swan belonged, and the mating of that mare with Trenton produced Lady Trenton, who was the only member of the family to keep the Black Swan tribe from dying out.

But it was Carbine that was given the privilege of keeping the name of Musket fresh in the minds of breeders. As is well known, he was the greatest racehorse of his time. In the opinion of the late Dick Mason, whose record as a trainer in New Zealand has never been equalled in this part of the world, and very probably in any other part, regarded Carbine as the outstanding thoroughbred of his long association with the turf, and Mason trained such phenomenal performers as Gloaming, Cruciform, Noctuiiform, and Biplane, and, indeed, most of the greatest horses of New Zealand. He would dearly loved to have trained Carbine also, for he tried hard to induce the late Dan O'Brien to part with the great son of Musket after the colt had



CARBINE. Bay horse, bred in 1885 by the New Zealand Stud Company. By Musket (imp.)—Mersey (imp.).

won his first race. O'Brien did not go to the races that day, but Mason did; and after Carbine had won he sent a wire to O'Brien to this effect: "Boss going to Australia with a team; would like to buy Carbine for him; will give £1,000." Before O'Brien had made up his mind whether to part with the colt or not, a friend who had been to the races called on him and stated that his colt had been left 50 yards at the start in a half-mile event, and that he had eventually won easily. "So that's the reason Mason is so anxious to include Carbine in his team for his boss," said O'Brien. He then sent to Mason the terse reply: "Carbine not for sale." The boss referred to was the late Mr. G. G. Stead, a most successful Dominion horseowner of his day.

Though unsuccessful in inducing Dan O'Brien to part with the colt, Dick Mason ever after held but one opinion of Carbine, and that was that he was the greatest horse during his long experience of the turf—an opinion he never wavered from throughout his successful connection with "the Sport of Kings."

Dan O'Brien brought Carbine to Australia as a three-year-old, the colt having won all five races he had started for in the Dominion at two

years. It was in the Victoria Derby that Carbine suffered his first defeat at the heels of the Grandmaster gelding Ensign, and later on was sold to Mr. D. S. Wallace. His performances were detailed in the previous issue of this magazine, so there is no need to repeat them here. The fame of this mighty son of Musket had reached England, with the result that he was purchased by the Duke of Portland for the then huge sum of 13,000 guineas, and Car-

bine was shipped to the Old Country in 1895, as a sire, after four seasons in the stud in this country.

Strange to say, the mares of St. Simon, which the Duke bought him to serve, did not nick so successfully with the great son of Musket; but when mated with the Minting mare, Maid of the Mint, a colt was foaled that was destined to perpetuate the stoutness of the Musket blood. This colt was named "Spearmint," and was bred at the famous Sledmere Stud by Sir Tatton Sykes; and it is through this celebrated horse that the outstanding success of the line is chiefly due.

CLASSIC WINNERS OF THE SEASON

The winner of the 1934 English Derby and St. Leger was Windsor Lad, whose third dam was the Carbine mare Sunshot. Spearmint now comes into the picture. Admiral Drake, after running last to Windsor Lad in the Derby, crossed the Channel and won the Grand Prix de Paris; and he is by Craig-an-Eran from Plucky Liege, a daughter of Spearmint. Those classics are the most important three-year-old races of their respective countries, and are the most coveted by all sportsmen.

But it is in America where this particular line of blood has had such a wonderful success. The Ken-



SPEARMINT.

Bay horse, bred in England in 1903, by Carbine—Maid of the Mint. He won the English Derby and Grand Prix de Paris, and has sired many famous sons and daughters.

tucky Derby of 1934 was won by Cavalcade, an English-bred colt by Lancegaye, who is by Swynford from the Spearmint mare Flying Spearmint. Again last year this classic—the most important in the States—was won by Omaha, who is a son of the American horse Gallant Fox, by the French horse Sir Gallahad III., a son of the Spearmint mare Plucky Liege. Then last May the winner of the Kentucky Derby of 1936 was Bold Venture, whose paternal granddam was Hamoaze, a daughter of the Trenton horse Torpoint.

Americans thought so highly of Sir Gallahad III. that they purchased his brother, Bull Dog, from the French; and he is now making a name for himself in the States, his son, St. Bernard, being one of the best horses in that country. But Plucky Liege, the dam of Sir Gallahad III. and Bull Dog, is not the only representative of the Musket blood to keep the name green in America, as Chicle, a son of Spearmint, has been a stud success there, one of his colts is Plat Eye, being the biggest money-winning two-year-old of the season 1934. Chortle, another son of Chicle, is also a stake-winner, having won four races in his first season in 1934. Yet another son is the three-year-old Roustabout, winner of the Swift Stakes at Belmont Park, New York. Then there is Whichone, yet another son of Chicle, who has begun stud life in the States, and is producing classic winners.

That the Musket line has thrived in America there can be no doubt, but whether it will become established there is a question for the future to decide. Unfortunately, it has faded into the background in Australasia since Wallace passed away. The latter held a stud record unique in any part of the world as a sire of classic winners, but his sons did not "keep the flag flying" with the same degree of excellence, though Mountain King was fairly successful in begetting several good horses.

The Spearmints in the Old World.

Besides winning the English Derby, Spearmint also was successful in the Grand Prix de Paris, after which leg trouble put an end

to his career as a racehorse. So his owner, the late Major Giles Loder, put him to the stud, where he was highly successful. In Ireland his offspring won the following classic races: Two Thousand Guineas, Spike Island; Derby, Spike Island and Zionist; St. Leger, Royal Lancer and Spelthorne. English classic winners were: Derby, Spion Kop; St. Leger, Royal Lancer; while Zionist ran second to Manna in the Derby of 1925.

Spion Kop sired Felstead, the English Derby winner of 1928, and in doing so brought fame to the Musket line, in that the winner became one of four whose sires and grandsires had also won the race. The earliest of these "triple events" was accomplished when Lapdog won in 1826, and again when Spaniel was first home in 1831. They were by Whalebone, winner in 1810, and he was by Waxy, the 1793 hero. Bay Middleton, who won in 1836, was followed by his son, The Flying Dutchman, in 1849, and by the latter's son Elkington in 1856. The most notable of these remarkable sequences is associated with the names of Doncaster (1873), Bend Or (1880), and Ormonde (1886). If Orme, who was regarded as certain to win the Derby of 1892, had not withdrawn because of a suspicion of having been poisoned, he might have won; and had he done so the sequence would have been carried on for six generations, because Flying Fox (by Orme) won in 1899, Orby (by Orme) in 1907, and Grand Parade (by Orby) in 1919.

For a stallion to join such a select few celebrities is sufficient testimony to Spearmint, who died at Old Connell Stud, Ireland, in 1924. That he maintained the prestige of the Musket line, there is no gainsaying. It is now left to Spion Kop to keep the flag flying, and as he has at least one Derby winner to his credit in Felstead, and the latter is now also at the stud, they may, between them, carry on this famous staying line. Felstead has made a good start, for his first-season's stock provided seven winners of 15 races, worth £6,383. The Musket line has, therefore, thrived through four generations, and gives every indication of continuing the good work.

Among England's principal two-year-olds of last season there were 22 winners of 47½ races, all carrying the Musket blood in their veins, per medium of Carbine, his son Spearmint, and Trenton; while Omaha, mentioned previously, won at his first start there, and later ran second in the Ascot Gold Cup, the race he was sent from America to win, but in which he was beaten half a head. There are people who argue that the winners enumerated above carry other strains of blood in their veins apart from that of Musket. That is admitted, but since Musket was foaled there have been over a quarter of a million stallions come into the world; and when the line of Musket is in the forefront with the first sixteen great progenitors, the value of this great horse to the world's bloodstock must become apparent to all.

TATTERSALL'S GOLF CLUB

Sixth Annual Ball

•
Saturday, 18th July, 1936



I wish that I could travel around the country doing driving contests against the strong men, not only of golf, but of other games as well. Why?

Simply to demonstrate that small and rather delicate hands can swing a club well enough to match the best both for distance and accuracy. I've proved it on many occasions, yet people ask, "Are my hands large enough, strong enough to play good golf?"

The answer is—it doesn't require large, strong hands to make the proper swing. The real power comes from the body, not the hands.

GOLF FACTS

Not Theories

(By Alex. Morrison.)

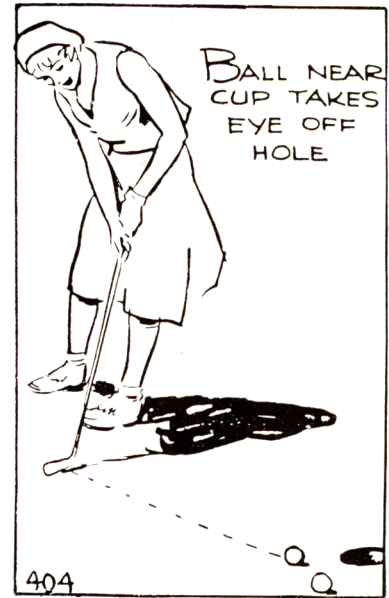
Players with large hands generally rely upon them to put the punch into their swings with the result that they seldom hit a straight shot.

It's the way you use your hands, not their size that counts in golf.

It's a bad habit, that of allowing a ball to remain near the hole in your line of vision. It's bound to affect your aim. Your eye is taken with any bright object. Certainly the glossy white ball is more conspicuous than the cup.

You may not realise it as you putt, but the ball has been seen and remains in your mind as you swing your putter.

Invariably, your putt will roll toward the ball. Very often I've seen putts actually strike a ball over a



foot off the proper line to the cup.

It's only a small thing, but it can cost you a win.

Notice the expert next time he goes to putt. He carefully picks up any little object which might take his eye off the line.

There's a reason!

Diving

High Take-Off Very Necessary In Cut-Away Somersault Dive

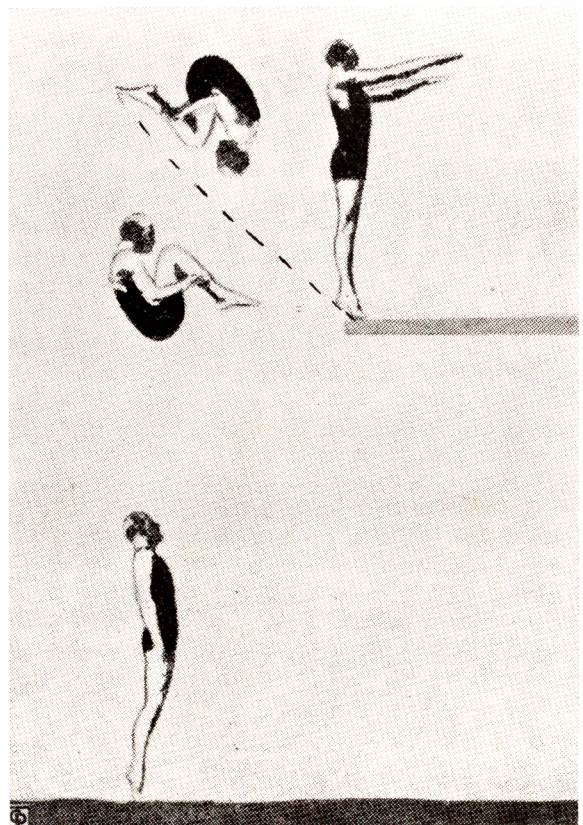
The cut-away group of dives are all performed from a stand-still position with the diver's back to the water.

The cut-away group includes the back jack knife, the cut-away somersault (shown here), the cut-away one-and-one-half somersault, and the cut-away double somersault.

The most difficult of this group is, of course, the cut-away double somersault and which can be performed only from the three-metre high board.

In executing the cut-away somersault the diver should strive for as much height as possible, making sure that the body is not leaning backward too much as the take-off is made, lest he have difficulty in starting his forward spin.

In the tuck style, as shown here, points are gained by keeping the tuck tight. Early completion of the somersault contributes to a successful entry.



Pool Splashes

Dexter Takes "John Samuel" Cup by Half-point
Hunter's Great Bid for Victory

The Swimming Club tenders many thanks to Mr. John Samuel for presenting it with a cup that provided one of the most interesting and exciting tussles in the history of the club.

Lasting for three years, competition for the trophy was so keen that the winner was in doubt right up to the last of the twelve events constituting the contest, and Jack Dexter scraped home by the bare half-point.

A scratch diving event was the deciding contest held on June 11, the position before its start being that Dexter held a three points lead over "Pete" Hunter and Vic. Richards, who were prime favourites to split up the three and two points awarded for first and second diving placings.

A field of nine divers lined up before Judge W. W. Hill, and gave a pretty fair display considering that none of them boasted of any particular skill in the art.

The favourite, Hunter, duly landed the first place from Vic. Richards, but Jack Dexter, who had been seen doing his best at nights to crack his neck practising backflips to sneak into third place, gained his objective by dividing third place with Dave Tarrant.

The half point thus gained gave the "John Samuel" Cup to Dexter for good, and we'll say he was tickled pink, particularly as the donor is a great friend of his.

Hunter's diving win gained for him the trophy awarded for the 1935-36 competition.

Full results of the diving was:—K. Hunter 23 points, V. Richards 21, D. Tarrant and J. Dexter 20, J. Pooley and A. Pick 19, C. Godhard 17, G. Goldie 15, A. S. Block 14.

For season 1935-36 the "John Samuel" Cup points were:—K. Hunter 7, J. Dexter 6½, V. Richards, H. Robertson, L. Hermann, A. S. Block, W. S. Edwards, A. Pick 5, D. Tarrant 4½, S. Carroll and C. Godhard 4, A. Richards 3, J. Pooley, G. Goldie and J. Miller 1.

The final points gained in the complete contest of three seasons were: J. Dexter 23½, K. Hunter 23, V. Richards 22, A. Richards 16, A. S. Block 15, C. Godhard 13, S. Carroll 10, H. Robertson 10.

Twenty-three swimmers took part in the series, the yearly contests of which were won by: 1933-34, A. Richards; 1934-35, J. Dexter; 1935-36, K. Hunter.

Even though Winter is well with us, the Pool appears to be one of the most popular places in town. At any rate, it's nice and cosy there in the luncheon hour, and from the crowd that gathers there then, it is quite apparent that our members appreciate that fact.

Club racing during the month has been very keen, with Cuth. Godhard the outstanding performer, with a first, a second and two thirds in the five races held.

A welcome return to the winning list was George Goldie, who had been amongst the "also rans" for quite a while. Handicapper John Gunton thought George was a "has-been," so put him out a few seconds, with the result that George went like a champion to land a 40 yards handicap.

Back he went to his original mark, but the next race saw him partner Dave Lake into second place in a Brace Relay.

There has been talk for a long time about a relay race between the "Upstairs" crowd and the "Downstairs." Numerically and in pace the latter would probably wipe the floor with their rivals, but on the handicaps we are not so sure.

In the last five races, "Upstairs" have notched five wins, four seconds and five thirds against 2-3-2, so that's that.

Best heat winning efforts during the month were:—40 yards, K. Hunter, 20 2/5, 20 4/5 and 21 2/5, and J. Dexter, 21 3/5; 60 yards, C. Godhard 36 2/5.

Looked in on the A.S.A. Winter Coaching Classes several Mondays during the week, and found the lads just as keen as ever and doing

extremely good work under their coaches.

Noel Ryan, one of the most enthusiastic champions ever produced in Australia, and one of the few champions who have worked hard to improve the lesser lights, has worked out a schedule which provides the boys with plenty of interest while giving them a lot to do.

These lads certainly have chances that the old-timers never had of working up stroke technique in the off-season.

Dewar Cup.

With only two races to go to complete the season, Cuth. Godhard will have to win both of them to beat Sammy Block for absolute possession of the famous Dewar Cup.

Dave Tarrant continues in third place, a great showing for his first year in the Swimming Club.

The leading points to date are: A. S. Block 61½, C. Godhard 56, D. Tarrant 53, J. Dexter 48, K. Hunter, N. Murphy and A. Richards 42, V. Richards 41, L. Hermann 34½, G. Goldie 32, A. Pick 24½, S. Carroll and C. Bastian 19½.

Point Score Races.

May 21.—120 yards Brace Relay Handicap: C. Godhard and D. Lake (77) 1, K. Hunter and A. S. Block (73) 2, A. Richards and L. Hermann (68) 3. Time, 77 secs.

May 28.—40 yards Handicap: K. Hunter (22) 1, J. Dexter (23) 2, C. Godhard (24) 3. Time, 21 2/5 secs.

June 4.—60 yards Handicap: N. Murphy (44) 1, C. Godhard (37) 2, A. Pick (46) 3. Time, 42½ secs.

June 18.—40 yards Handicap: G. Goldie (37) 1, D. Tarrant (24) 2, K. Hunter (21) 3. Time, 34 3/5 secs.

June 25.—80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: N. Murphy and J. Dexter (50) 1, D. Lake and G. Goldie (60) 2, J. Miller and C. Godhard (51) 3. Time, 48 4/5 secs.

May-June Point Score: C. Godhard, 13 points, 1; N. Murphy and K. Hunter, 9, 2; A. S. Block, 8, 4; A. Richards, 7, 5; D. Lake, 6, 6.

June-July Point Score: With two events to be swum the position is: G. Goldie 7, J. Dexter and N. Murphy 5, D. Tarrant 4, C. Godhard, D. Lake and J. Miller 3.

Handball

There must be something in horses for courses in Handball, judging from the Handball Club's experiences of this season.

In their first interclub contest our club beat Coogee badly on our courts, but in the return game at Coogee the local club easily turned the tables.

Last month Tattersall's beat the "Shiverers" by 14 games to nil, but when the return match was played at the Domain on May 31, the "Shiverers" had it all over their rivals to win by 10-2.

Which all sounds the reverse of the kindly host.

Anyway the games resulted as follow, the "Shiverers" being shown first:—Morris v. Williams 31-22, McCoy v. Tebbutt 31-23, Russell v. Block 31-22, Dreelin v. Lazarus 31-18, Gregory v. Hunter 31-23, Grey v. Rainbow 31-20, McCoy v. Hunter 11-1, Russell v. Tebbutt 11-9, Dreelin v. Rainbow 11-7, Gregory v. Lazarus 6-11, Morris v. Block 6-11, Grey v. Williams 11-4.

The next match is to be against Bondi, at Bondi.

During the month four invitation matches were played on Tattersall's Courts, which provided great interest for the members. To test the difference two matches were played with the hard ball and two with the soft.

The ball made no difference in the games between Percy Russell, of the Domain, and Sam Block, of Tattersall's, for the latter won at each attempt—31-21 (hard) and 31-19 (soft).

But in the other match between G. McCoy, of the Domain, and "Pete" Hunter, of Tattersall's, results were reversed, McCoy winning 31-25 with the hard ball, and Hunter 31-19 with the soft.

Such a fine start did Alf. Rainbow make in the "Searcy" Cup contest that it looked a sure thing for him. Alf. won all right with 608 out of a possible 620, but E. T. Penfold gave him a fright when he ran up 607 points for a close second.

The competition had not ended at time of going to press, but for third place the going was hot be-

tween "Pete" Hunter and Eddie Davis.

The "Searcy" Cup is for the highest points in three years, the leaders last year being Block 614, Pratt 578, Tebbutt 552, while this year's winner, Rainbow, gained 508.

A number of games in the "Godhard" knock-out trophy series have already been played, the big feature being that the donor, Cuth. Godhard, was knocked out in the only first round game by Jerry Creer.

Results to date are:—

First Round: J. Creer (10) beat C. Godhard (8) 32-30, 31-21.

Second Round: P. Hernon (owes 3) beat R. Pollard (13) 28-31, 31-22, 31-21; G. S. Williams (scr.) beat N. Murphy (14) 31-23, 31-23; G. Goldie (12) beat A. Rainbow (1) 31-28, 22-31, 31-28; W. Tebbutt (owes 10) beat E. Fauser (12) 31-24, 31-23; E. T. Penfold (5) beat E. Rein (14) 24-31, 31-28, 31-27; C. Bastian (3) beat I. Stanford (13) 31-27, 31-30; G. Davis (scr.) beat J. Buckle (9) 31-28, 31-25.

Third Round: G. S. Williams (scr.) beat G. Goldie (12) 29-31, 31-23, 31-23.

for the future

LUXURY COSTS LESS !

From to-day . . . an entirely new delight in smoking comes within your reach. A new fragrance, a new flavour, the true flavour of the heart of golden Virginia leaf is revealed by the exclusive du Maurier filter tip. du Maurier made in London, now cost no more than One Shilling and Sixpence for Twenty.

The smoke of du Maurier cigarettes is smoke freed from everything that could taint or conceal its natural richness. Irritants which form whenever tobacco is burned are trapped by the filter tip. And when it is thus cooled, made smooth, refined and cleansed . . . Virginia smoke has a fragrance and flavour never before enjoyed.

du MAURIER **NOW**
20 for 1/6
CIGARETTES with the exclusive filter tip
MADE IN LONDON .

How the Filter Tip Improves the Flavour

The exclusive du Maurier filter tip completely protects the most sensitive throat. It frees the smoke from everything that could taint or conceal the natural richness of the essential Virginia flavour. Flavour and fragrance are enhanced because they come to you pure and unalloyed. The exclusive du Maurier filter tip is the most important advance in cigarette manufacture for 40 years.

MEAT

The staple food of mankind



250,000 people viewed this display at the Royal Agricultural Society's Exhibition—Easter, 1936.

HENRY WOOLFE

Two Famous Meat Stores

650 GEORGE STREET . . . 130 PITT STREET
Brickfield Hill, nearly opposite General Post Office.

Culbertson: Barnum of Bridge

Condensed from the "American Mercury"

(John Kobler.)

Ely Culbertson has made ten million American homes contract-dizzy. In 15 years this fantastic fellow has neatly conjured a multi-million-dollar enterprise out of a pack of playing cards, and now rakes in some 500,000 dollars a year with the unsmiling passivity of a Monte Carlo croupier.

The Master's triumph is doubly remarkable in view of one curious fact: The Culbertson bridge suzerainty is based on the assumption that Ely is the nation's No. 1 player. Yet actually, by neither tournament records nor consensus of expert opinion does he rank among the first ten. Since 1930 he has not won a single major tournament. Why, then, do millions of citizens pour their dollars into his lap? Why do his books sell in a ratio of 20 to 1 to any other works on bridge? The answer lies in such an exhibition of ballyhoo as has not been witnessed since P. T. Barnum.

Ely Culbertson was not born in America. His father was an American mining engineer whose work took him to Russia, where he married the daughter of a Cossack general. From Russian tutors young Ely received a classical education. Later he roamed the Continent, turning his facile hand to a variety of odd intellectual jobs. He wrote learnedly on economics and politics, taught at schools. When the Russian Revolution exploded, he participated in it. It still amuses him to reflect: "Before I got rich I was a militant anarchist." The Bolsheviks, however, repaid his interest in their cause by cutting off the family income. He was forced to seek refuge in Paris, and in 1921 came to New York.

The following two years were dark ones. From Europe, Ely had imported a highly cultivated taste for the nicer things, but very little cash with which to satisfy it. One evening, hungrier and more desperate than usual, he ambled into the Knickerbocker Whist Club at the invitation of an acquaintance.

The weekly duplicate bridge tournament was in progress, and he was invited to play. He had picked up auction as a student at Geneva, and when the game was over Ely had won top score for the Knickerbocker for that week. The members were immensely intrigued by this brilliant young player with the Russian accent. They crowded around, offering congratulations. But Ely, suave and arrogant, pushed his chair back and with the sublime confidence which has never deserted him, observed: "Americans lack the science and cunning of the European players."

From then on, the card table offered a ready solution to all Ely's difficulties. He was soon playing every night, usually for high stakes. To-day the Master's limit is 10 dollars a point, but in the early 1920's he had none.

He soon came to the attention of the late Wilbur C. Whitehead, and in 1931, when Whitehead died, Ely became, in a sense, his spiritual heir. Yet even before Whitehead's death he had produced his *Contract Bridge Blue Book*, introducing to the world's 30,000,000 bridge players his Two-Demand or Approach-Forcing System. It was immediately riotously successful.

At this time the public had to be educated to accept not only Culbertson's initial theories, but the endless subsequent improvements which gave him the excuse for more books. So the modern Barnum proceeded to hoist contract to the front page. Deliberately he embroiled himself in a series of spectacular quarrels; dubbed himself history's greatest intellect; boasted that, although he had never held a gold club in his hand he would break 90 by sheer brain power (he failed, of course, but it fetched him fine publicity); delayed a major bridge tournament 36 minutes while he pondered a simple bid (even

his partner left the table in disgust). His antics amused the public, embittered his enemies, and were gleefully received by the press.

Ely speaks with disarming frankness about his methods. I quote from an address made before the Sales Executive Club in New York:

I have formed the greatest advertising and publicity organization in the world. I have sold bridge by appealing to the instincts of sex and fear. First we appealed to women, to their natural inferiority complex. Bridge was an opportunity for them to gain intellectual parity with their husbands. Then we worked on the husbands' fear instinct. We made it almost tantamount to shame not to play contract. Finally, we appeal to the gambling instincts of both.

By 1932, Ely had received such extravagant notoriety that his cat-and-dog spat with Sidney Lenz assumed the proportions of an epic combat. The graying, genial Lenz, champion of the one-two-three system, was Ely's only serious rival. So Ely jockeyed Lenz into a spot where he was forced to play a test match. In stinging, fighting words Culbertson challenged him to a 150-rubber combat; Ely to be partnered by his wife, Lenz to select his own team mates; Ely to post 5,000 dollars against Lenz's 1,000 dollars, the money to go to charity.

The great day came. The field of combat was Ely's six-room hotel suite. At 7 p.m., the Master made his entrance after keeping his opponents—Lenz and Oswald Jacoby—waiting for one hour. The contestants posed for the newsreels. Everything was ready. But a further delay was occasioned by Ely having misplaced his glasses. He found them, as he explained to the press, by using psychology, by reasoning where he would have put them had he been a woman "of Mrs. Culbertson's type." They were in a bureau drawer wrapped in a pair of silk pyjamas.

The contestants were herded into the playing room, the doors closed. After ten minutes of unbearable suspense the first messenger burst forth with the world-shaking communique:

Mr. Lenz sits in the north seat. The first words of the match are spoken by Mrs. Culbertson: "Where do you wish to sit, Ely?" Telegraph instruments flashed the news to the farthest outposts of civilisation. Flash followed flash, far into the night.

It continued for 33 days, to the distress of Mr. F. D. Courtenay, president of Bridge Headquarters, who announced: "They are making monkeys of themselves. They have violated all the rules of bidding they are supposed to be demonstrating. It is a gigantic publicity stunt, a disgrace!"

Nobody paid any attention. The arena was now shifted to the Waldorf-Astoria to accommodate the ever-increasing mobs. After a month of consecutive rubbers and 2,000,000 printed words (this record has been surpassed only in the Lindbergh case and the Hall-Mills affair), the Culbertsons bid five diamonds, made six, and won the match with a final score of 8,980 points.

"Humph." spluttered L e n z. "Failed to bid a slam!"

The Battle of the Century was over. Contract bridge had arrived.

Culbertson had hewed his niche in the bedrock of public imagination. The next problem was consolidation and expansion. Under the name of Bridge-World Inc., he established ornate headquarters in Rockefeller Plaza, where sleek, effi-

cient secretaries glide from room to room, and where there is a perpetual flux of experts, salesmen, statisticians and plain hangers-on. Here is published the *Bridge World*, a monthly magazine wherein Ely, under the nom-de-guerre of G.M.C. (Great Man Culbertson), attacks rivals and boosts favourites. And from here are directed such super-activities as the American Bridge Olympic and the World Bridge Olympic.

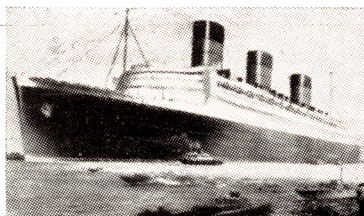
The World Olympic is no doubt the most glittering gem of the Master's imagination. Every year at a specified moment, thousands of bridge maniacs in all parts of the world simultaneously rip open sealed packets of bridge hands, lay them out feverishly, and proceed to bid and play them as correctly as possible. The event is sponsored by local bridge clubs all over the planet in collaboration with Culbertson. Each participant pays 1 dollar, and the players who, in the opinion of the *Bridge World* judges, have maintained the highest average of expert play are awarded gold and silver cups.

The nerves and fibres of the sprawling Culbertson bridge network are supported by 4,000 licensed Two-Demand instructors. To be an authorised teacher it is necessary to obtain a Master Diploma. The instructors pay 15 dollars for a diploma, and 10 dollars in yearly dues. Most of them attend the annual conventions at which Ely expounds the latest frills of his system. Admission: 25 dollars.

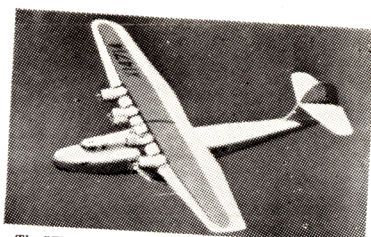
Other sources of Culbertson's income include book sales, newspaper syndication, film shorts, radio, magazine articles, commercial endorsements, lectures.

Thus Ely Culbertson has travelled a long road with incredible swiftness in his uphill climb. Yesterday, a penniless immigrant; to-day, a publicity wizard, a financier-industrialist. No longer is there any necessity for him to play bridge.

Indeed, the Master nowadays finds very little time for the game.



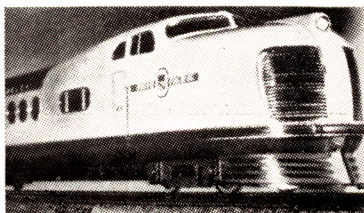
"Queen Mary"—Cunard-White Star's new super-liner—the last word in speed and luxury at sea.



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Billiards and Snooker

Club Tournaments—New Life in Game—Billiards
"Test" Matches—Overseas News—Correct Stance

The annual billiard and snooker tournaments are now well under way. The handicappers have finished their task, and all bids fair to exciting finishes.

In the billiard section, "Rose Bay" is on the mark of honour, 165 behind scratch, with Hans Robertson, 150 behind, next in order. There is a fair sized jump then to "Oral," on owes 90, while our old friend Charlie Young is the last of the behind scratch brigade. In even steps various handicaps have been allotted up to 120 on, and he would be bold who would plump for any one individual as the prospective winner.

Snooker.

The snooker entries are large, and State champion Hans Robertson has been placed on his rightful position on scratch. Hans is called upon to concede liberal starts, but his ability is such that the second player in any combat will need to go flat out if the score board is to show his way to the conclusion of hostilities. Away out on a mark of 131 on, five members can be relied upon to keep all opposition moving, but it is the opinion of many that this time the major prize will find its way to the locker of one of the middle markers. Anyway, in next issue the victors will be proclaimed in all their glory and maybe we will have the actual winner. If not, we will at least be in a position to anticipate.

Great Fillip.

Billiards is getting a great fillip in Sydney at the moment by virtue of the efforts of world's champion Walter Lindrum, who has managed to get leading City stores interested in his displays. At the moment he is engaged in the second series, and so popular has the entertainment proved that the firm concerned has twice extended its season. No less than 1,621 spectators attended on the first day, and well over four figures have been reached every day since—surely an indication that the grand old game has come right back into its own in popular fav-

our. Incidentally, our own member, Hans Robertson, put up a meritorious performance in one session opposed to Lindrum, when in three visits to the table he scored runs of 87, 8 and 92, making 187 points at an average of 66.33 per stick, and received an ovation from those looking on. And no wonder. Australian amateur titles have been won with averages under double figures.

Tests Certain.

Test billiard matches between England and Australia are now

practically certain. It has been a long battle, but the interest of our largest emporiums has opened the way, and in at least two States firms are ready to sponsor such a series. Australia will be represented by Walter and Horace Lindrum, with Clark McConachy holding the third stick.

The remarkable form of the world's champion at the moment was well exemplified during the month, when he amassed the world's record tally of 1,796 points in 78

(Continued on Page 20.)



World's champion, Walter Lindrum, demonstrates the correct stance for successful break-building billiards. Note particularly, the straight line of vision along the cue and also the alignment of the bridge, centre of chin, back wrist and elbow, while the feet are comfortably but solidly holding the floor. The grip is also shown to be more rigid than has been the fashion among past champions.

Contract Bridge

Needless Loss

(By E. V. Shepard, Famous Bridge Teacher.)

It is not an infrequent event for an excellent player to muddle a simple hand. The very fact that play is simple sometimes makes any one of us careless. I am assured by a member of the Alpha Delta Phi Club of New York that the declarer of the hand shown is unusually a careful and able player,

♠ J 10 7 5	♠ 8 6
♥ J 10 9 7	♥ 8 5 3
2	♦ K 9 5 3
♦ 4	♣ 10 8 6 2
♣ K J 5	
♠ A K Q 9 3	
♥ A 6 4	
♦ A 6	
♣ A Q 3	

and I have no reason to question that statement. He just had a lax period.

Bidding went: South, 2-Spades; North, 3-Diamonds, to show his long suit and single quick trick; South, 3-Spades, to assure partner that a long suit had been bid; North, 4-Diamonds; South, 5-No Trumps; North, 6-No Trumps, ending bidding.

The opening lead was the J of hearts. Dummy was in with its Q.

The Q of diamonds was led. East refused to cover from four, and declarer carelessly blocked the suit by not playing his Ace, and at once leading back the suit, for dummy to keep going until the K fell. The best lead of all would have been a low diamond, and the trick taken with the Ace. That play would have avoided the possibility of finding the suit twice blocked. A low diamond was led and declarer's Ace won, but dummy could be entered only once more. The suit could be cleared but that would have done no good without entry to play off the cleared diamonds.

Declarer ran off three spade honours, hoping to find the 6 missing cards divided 3-3. He succeeded only in establishing the J against himself. On the third spade lead both dummy and East discarded a diamond. West was given a spade trick with his J. Dummy let go another diamond. East discarded a heart. West put dummy in with its K of hearts. A club was led from dummy. The Q finesse lost to West's K. Declarer was put in the lead with his Ace of hearts. He took his good spade and the Ace of clubs, then went down two tricks, by having to give West a second club trick. It was too bad. Any careful player could not have missed making a small slam.

Billiards and Snooker

(Continued from Page 19.)

minutes. Since then he has also run together 1,458 points in 71 minutes, and day after day has averaged between 400 and 500 per stick.

World's Snooker Title.

Joe Davis won the world's snooker title once again by defeating Horace Lindrum in the final at Thurston's Hall, London. To show how far these two players are advanced from their confreres it is but necessary to recall that in the preliminary heats, Horace defeated Stanley Newman by 19 frames to one whilst Davis defeated Tom Newman by 18-2. Davis won the grand final by five games in 81 games up. We have every reason to suppose that the time is not far distant when the Australian will annex the title for this country. Even Joe Davis, in a private letter to the writer, expresses a similar view. Great sport Joe, as many members learned when he stayed in our midst.

Overseas.

After, perhaps, the most grueling finish in the records of the contest, J. Thomson (Workington) beat J. H. Beetham (Derbyshire) by 3,179 to 3,149 in the final of the Amateur Championship at Burroughes' Hall. But for missing a long loser from hand off the red in his last innings—the only one he missed during the whole of the session — Beetham would have turned the tables on his opponent. It was as near as that—a one-shot win, never mind a win by a break.

Both men played remarkably well. The figures show that the class of play is quite as good, if not better, than it was last season, and, with the new county scheme well launched, it is evident that the Amateur Championship is destined to grow, both in scope and quality of playing appeal.

When presenting the cup and medals, Mr. J. C. Bissett, chairman of the Control Council, invited the winner to play for the Old Country in the Empire Championship, to be held in South Africa during November.



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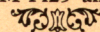
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TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SYDNEY

SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

Saturday, Sept. 12th

1936

THE TRIAL HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For horses which, at time of starting, have not won a Hurdle Race or Steeplechase of the value of £150 to the winner. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase, after the declaration of weights, to carry 7lb. penalty. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-.

ABOUT ONE MILE AND FIVE FURLONGS.

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (Maiden Races excepted) exceeding £50 in value to the winner up to the time of running. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age with penalties and allowances, for

horses three-years-old and upwards) of £1000; second £150; third £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £400 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £150 in value to the winner allowed; three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races not entitled to any allowance. Owners and Trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. Nomination £1; acceptance £9.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

ONE MILE.

Nominators will be liable for Acceptance Fees for all horses not scratched before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 10th September, 1936.

A.J.C. Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations to be observed.

Entries for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr. M. P. Considine, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 o'clock p.m. on

MONDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1936.

Weights to be declared on such day as the Committee may appoint.

If entries are made by telegram, the amount of Nomination Fee must be wired.

PENALTIES:—In all flat races (the Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee of Tattersall's Club reserve the right to refuse any entry.

Nomination Fee must accompany each entry.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting, and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.